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CONTENTS

LITERARY DEPARTMENT—

Upon Breaking My Thermometer	1
The Value of Time	2
An Original Experiment	4
The Argus	6
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT	7
SCHOOL NOTES	11
ATHLETIC NOTES	13
CHRISTMAS BOOK REVIEW	14
DIRECTORY	16
ADVERTISEMENTS	17

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THE ARGUS

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Upon Breaking My Thermometer

(A Pathetic Elegy.)

Poor victim of my carelessness,
How sad it is to see
Thee climbing higher than the sun
Makes tropic glasses be.

Thy records make me think of days
When I did pant and fan,
And hailed with overwhelming joy
The sight of the ice man.

Without tonight are ice and chill
And Boreas' breath is cold,
Within doors it's not warm enough;
Now art thou not right bold

To register at eighty-four?
But then perhaps I can
Persuade myself that I am warm!
I thank thee, friend. No ban

Can overcome the optimism
That thou now canst inspire.
I'll ever keep thee by my side
When I've a dying fire.

Away with shivers when Mercury,
Thy winged-footed god,
Brings messages of Grecian skies
And verdure covered sod.

More useful far in broken state
Than e'er thou wast before,
Go on with downing pessimism
Till mortals weep no more!

Brave friend, all hail! ne'er let us part
Thy praises will I sing
Till my lead pencil's all worn down
And the last light-bell shall ring.

The Value of Time

(By W. T. TATE, '11.)

The little space that has been thrown between the two great eternities is called time. It is to the Creator what a drop of water is to all the oceans and seas. It is that which has begun but will soon cease to be.

Time is so precious that we can possess but one bit of it at a time. A man may have in his possession millions of dollars, yet he has but one iota of time. We cannot reach back and have to our advantage the moments that have swept by, neither can we stretch forth our hand and brush the dust from the face of the dim future and claim that for ours. We only have a second at a time, and that is wrenched from us the instant we grasp another.

Every man alike has twenty-four hours a day; no one can possess more or claim less. But there is a great difference in the way people use their time. Some act as if this were their last day while others remain in idleness as if time had no end. Some by their generosity build monuments that kiss the skies, others are squandering their means and talents for selfish purposes, working in a sphere that reaches no higher than their own heads.

Time does not slack its pace for the ages, neither does it hasten for the young, but it moves on with the same momentum. Though men may rise in all their power and splendor and let the vibrations of their voices echo and reecho throughout the universe crying: "Sun stand thou still Gibeon and thou

moon in the valley of Ajalon," yet the tramp of hours goes on. Though man may pine his life away longing for the wheel of time to change its course and run backward in its flight until he has changed his career, it does not heed his pitiful cry.

We should use our time, because there is more that needs to be done than we can ever do. In the moral and physical world not only the field of battle, but also the cause of truth and virtue calls for champions and the field for doing good is white unto the harvest. If a man enlists in the ranks and redeems his time he may write his name among the stars.

Men who have most powerfully influenced the world have economized their time. For if a man does much in this life he must make every moment count for something. The man who will utilize his time will make an energetic leader and will not only win his own way in the world, but will carry others with him, and he will unconsciously command respect, admiration and homage. Such integrity is the attribute of all great leaders of men.

To see what time has wrought we do not have to take up some scientific or philosophical studies, but we can see it plainly illustrated all around us. Look yonder at that old building which has lost its shape, and is leaning toward the earth and you will see what time is doing for material. Then behold that man whose head is blooming as the lily. See the wrinkled face, the bent form, and his slow steps, then think what time is doing for human life. Ah, time will soon mark the grave for the present generation. O man, why do you disregard the fleeting moments, when you know that the sands of time will soon dissolve beneath your feet? Then you may spread your sail on the unbounded ocean, an awful expedition upon which the mind shrinks from contemplating.

If we glance over the pages of history we shall see what time has done for man. Strong men have arisen and seemed powerful for a season, but time soon robbed them of their strength. Men of genius and reason, who have bathed their swords in the blood of the human race, and changed the

destinies of empires, have been hurled from their thrones by the hand of Time.

As the little brook runs down the hill-sides and through the valleys until it empties its contents into the great ocean, so the stream of Time will soon run into Eternity.

An Original Experiment

(By J. B. JONES, '11.)

On the old farm that we prided in calling West View there was great excitement among the boys. Even father and especially mother seemed to wear a look of profound thoughtfulness. Some unwelcome visitor had been entering the chicken roost, and night after night, the number of chickens had been dwindling away. The time had come for action and all the boys were debating who would be the hero. Then to add to the excitement father called us together and said he would give a new Remington rifle to the boy who would discover the thief.

Since I was the oldest I thought it nothing but right to advise my two younger brothers. So I told them to prepare for catching the man. It could not be a hawk for the whirligigs in the barn yard kept up a continual whiz. It could not be a weasel for I had searched the banks of every branch within a mile's radius. Therefore it must be a man. One day and one night was given each boy to watch the roost and "try his luck" as we called it. After both my brothers had tried with no success I decided to try an experiment.

While father and mother were out on the veranda enjoying the fresh night air, I stole into father's room and slipped out carrying his old musket under my arm. After fastening it under the eaves of the roof so that the barrel pointed slightly upward, I tied a string from the trigger to the door. When this fired I could run out and see whether it was a man or not. Of course father didn't expect us to catch the thief if it were a man.

After everything had been prepared I went to my room to

await the coming of the thief. I sat by my window until overcome by sleep I sought the bed for refuge. The night was perfectly quiet, just as it usually is before a storm. It was not long until the storm came. The wind penetrating through the cracks about the windows made a mournful sound. It seemed as if nothing but death could follow such melancholy. Horror seized me. I wished a thousand times I had never seen father's gun. What if the string holding up the end of the barrel should break and leave it pointing toward a man's heart!

Just as the storm was raging at its height—bang! And I ran out into the yard. There could be no mistake in the sound so I ran straight to the chicken house. Lying close against the house was a dark form. It rose up a few inches and with a groan as if in unutterable woe it sank back to the ground. O horror! horror! a dead man! I, a murderer! A dizziness seized my head and I sank to the ground unconscious.

Next morning I was somewhat relieved but not satisfied when father told me the man lying by the chicken house must have been imaginary, for he had hunted all around and could find nothing. My doubt was turned to joy when I found by the surrounding tracks and hairs that a hog, seeking shelter from the rain had lain down close against the chicken house. Hearing my approach in the night after the wind had blown the door open, he had jumped and grunted.

A few days later I was compensated for my fright when father gave each one of us a glistening new rifle. With these we had the honor and pleasure of killing two large chicken snakes behind the barn.

Teacher—"Don't you remember anything at all about the lesson?"

L. H.—"I remember a little."

Teacher—"Well, what do you remember?"

L. H.—"I've forgot."

The Argus

(By RUTH GREENE, '14.)

Just started out in the wide, wide world
Of literature and books
Is a little high school magazine,
Though meager now it looks.

But if you'll take this magazine
And read it through and through
You surely will find something that
Will aid and comfort you.

Humble at first, things usually are;
Though poor and small this be,
Perhaps in a distant future day
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Placed in the finest libraries,
Read in cultured homes;
So won't you send a subscription now,
For it feels so sad and lone?

Please send your money to us at once
If you want to keep along
This little high school magazine
In the world's contesting throng.

Discovery according to a Sub-Fresh—"Balbo discovered the Pacific Ocean and called it the Pacific Ocean because it wasn't making no fuss."

HISTORIC SHIPS.

"The Pilgrims came over in the *Sunflower*."
"Henry Hudson sailed in the *Honeymoon*."

The Boiling Springs Argus

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No. 2

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

A School Problem

In a school like this there are many difficult problems in regard to management that the principal must solve. Those that necessarily arise are numerous and it should be the desire of the student body to prohibit those that could be avoided. Possibly the greatest hindrance to the daily progress of our school is the going home of boys and girls every Saturday evening, and returning Monday evening or Tuesday morning. Sometimes on account of bad weather some of them cannot return before Tuesday evening. But what makes it most difficult is that it's done with good intentions. They love to see their people at home, yet they never take into consideration the sacrifice that is being made. If all the time lost during the year on account of this could be summed up, it would startle many parents. Cold weather has now come and many students living at a distance must start home Saturday just after noon, and before all the lessons have been recited. Then a link is missing between Friday and Tuesday. Almost the whole day,

Saturday, they are expecting some one to come after them. Their minds are unsettled and the day's work amounts to practically nothing. Fathers coming for their children cause a disturbance and confusion in class and in the study hall. Even if all the students could leave after school is over that would be overcoming only one difficulty.

We have here one of the largest Baraca and one of the largest Philathea classes in Cleveland County. The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. with other organizations that are in session Sunday bind the students closer together than any other influence. The student who is not here Sunday loses all this. He is not a factor and consequently the student body seems to be a unit without him. During the week it is necessary for us to study our lessons and little time can be given to the reading that has most influence over character building. The student who goes home usually tattles away the time and returns with the mind unfit for concentrated study for a whole day.

We have one of the best matrons in the State, and she knows what kind of diet the student needs. By the time he has become accustomed to this, Saturday evening comes and away he goes home to eat loads of pork and many other things natural to the appetite of the vigorous youth. Then he wonder why his health is not very good, and why at times he cannot think accurately.

The trouble arising from going home is a continual round of confusion to the principal. We expect our bills to be correct, yet we want to come and go at random. The keeping straight of books and so many accounts is no little trouble, and all unnecessary work could be avoided if we would only do ourselves justice. Then how important it is that we should consider these things that seem insignificant to our eyes. But this habit of going home Saturday can be stopped only by the co-operation of the parents and children. The parents will do well to insist upon the children's staying in school all the time and if the student wishes the silent congratulations of the entire school let him or her make this resolution at once: "Hereafter I will not go home every Saturday evening."

The idea that school life has no influence over the actions of boys and girls after leaving school has long been declared absurd by the most thoughtful men. It has been well said that the manner in which a child carries in chips is an index to its future life. How much more will life in school serve as an index to after-life. The average boy or girl who completes a collegiate course must spend most of his or her life in school until about the age of twenty-three. Then when we remember that character is formed before the age of thirty how important it is that the place where most of this time is spent should be one of high ideals and good manners.

School Life and After-Life

Too much stress cannot be placed upon good manners in school. In fact, manners acquired in school are far more important than the knowledge of text-books. Society may never ask about the principles of geometry or the conjugation of a Latin verb, but it will ever keep a vigilant watch over a person's manners. By this will each one be judged, not only at social functions, but at home and in business. The student who wilfully disobeys the rules of etiquette in the dining room at school will unconsciously do the same at home or abroad. There is no reason why the boy who comes sauntering into the class room bumping his shoulders against the sides of the door will not do the same when he enters his friend's reception room. A very accurate way to find how boys and girls treat their parents is to watch their conduct toward their teachers.

One of the best tests of a student's ability to overcome temptation is probably found in the class-room. A very difficult question is asked, and in the student's hands is a book containing the answer. How easy it would be to answer after one quick glance into the book. Before the student are several benches and the teacher cannot possibly see the book. Perhaps all indications are that all his class-mates will make good grades today. Then is it not a great temptation just to take one shy peep into the book? But the boy who overcomes this temptation can say "no" when evil influences and companions attempt to entice him. On the other hand the boy who will

steal an answer in class or on examination, would very likely take one cent of his employer's money if he knew it would never be known. The next time he would take a little more until his name appears in the list of bank cashiers and other men holding responsible positions who have made their exits. The world then looks upon him as a thief. Before this he was considered an honest man, yet the germ had been growing for years and was contracted when he deceived his teacher while standing an examination.

The laws and regulations of a school are necessities originating from the application of common sense. With an intelligent faculty there are no regulations that cannot be weighed in the balance with reason. The laws of the State are made by the same exercising of common sense, only applied in a more general way. Then if a student cultivates the habit of disobeying the laws of a school he may do likewise in regard to the laws of his State. On account of this many have become criminals. If a student forms many bad habits while in school we sometimes wonder if it would not have been better had he never entered school. We know that a shrewd, evil man is more harmful to society than an ignorant person. Then we conclude that our conduct in school is far more important than the knowledge of text books we obtain.

◆

"Not in knowledge is happiness but in the acquisition of knowledge! In forever knowing we are forever blessed, but to know all were the curse of a fiend."—N. A. Poe: "The Power of Words."

SCHOOL NOTES

During the absence of our pastor the school and the community have greatly enjoyed the sermons delivered by members of the ministerial class. This class is glad to welcome Mr. Biggs, a ministerial student from the eastern part of North Carolina, who arrived recently.

The boys of the Y. M. C. A. received a treat on Wednesday night, November 22nd, when they heard the address of Mr. Johnson, the Student Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. His speech was very practical and the young men listened with much interest. Mr. Johnson devotes his entire time to visiting high schools and colleges. We are always glad to see him.

On Saturday evening, Nov. 5th, 1911, the Kalliergeonian Literary Society delightfully entertained the faculty and Kala-gathians with the following programme:

Piano Duet—Kate Moore and Alda Greene.

Recitation—"Pledge with Wine," Edna Ferguson.

Reading—"Mrs. Caudle's Lecture on Coat Buttons," Kimmie Falls.

Essay—"Kindness," Rosa Lee Smith.

Recitation—"The Widow Bedott Essays Poetry," Bettie Lee Cade.

Instrumental Solo—Edna Ferguson.

Locals—Eva Long.

Instrumental Solo—Beatrice Bowling.

Following the programme delicious refreshments were served. The occasion seemed to have been enjoyed by everyone present. After the refreshments delightful music was rendered by Misses Barbee and Ferguson.

Friday night in a regular meeting of the Athenian Literary Society a moot court was held. The court was presided over by J. O. Ware, with J. B. Jones, solicitor, aided by U. M.

Allen, while W. T. Tate and W. A. Elam were lawyers for the defendant. The jury returned the verdict of "not guilty" and the prisoner was set free.

Messrs. M. A. Stroup and O. N. Lovelace, both of the class of 1911, were winners in a recent debate at the University of North Carolina. Mr. Stroup won over twenty opponents as bass singer of the Glee Club.

The entire school was very much surprised Sunday morning, Nov. 19th, when it was learned that one of our former students, Mr. Duke Hamrick, was married to Miss Ida Holland. They have the best wishes of all the school.

ART DEPARTMENT.

Since the founding of this institution, a thing which has been looked upon as necessary, and one which would add greatly to the development of the school, was the establishment of an art department. Inasmuch, however, as our school is in its infancy, and there have been so many other demands of more vital importance, the trustees have not, until this session, authorized the establishment of such a department. Fortunately Miss Bessie Rogers, of Raleigh, N. C., has been selected as teacher of art. Miss Rogers comes to us most highly recommended. After graduating at Meredith College, in 1905, with high honors, she continued her study, and this together with her experience as a teacher has given her a state-wide reputation. At the recent state fair in Raleigh, Miss Rogers' tapestries took the prize; some of her paintings were also on exhibition at the Texas state fair and there took first prize. Thus it can be seen that she is thoroughly capable and that the students who wish to pursue this study have an opportunity which is not given the average high school student. Miss Rogers, is, moreover, a skillful musician and will assist Miss Barber in the music department. Possessing as she does these two highly developed talents, we feel sure that her work will be successful.

ATHLETIC NOTES

Tennis is progressing with leaps and bounds. We now have two clubs of boys and one of girls. Each of these feels itself a match for anything in the county.

Notwithstanding the primary object of playing tennis is physical development, it has seemed for the last month that the greatest desire has been to be able to succeed in the first match game. The time we had all been looking forward to for so long came Monday afternoon, November 20th. A hotly contested game was first played between the Boiling Springs Tennis Club of boys and the club of girls. The first set was the most exciting one. It resulted in seven games for girls, with two love games and five games for boys. The second set, when the girls were somewhat tired, terminated with six games for boys, with one love game, and nothing for girls. The game was then on a balance at the brink of a precipice. Although the girls did some nice playing the set resulted with six games for boys, with one love game, and two games for girls.

All eyes were then turned to the Huggins Tennis Club of boys and the same club of girls. In the first set the girls showed their agility when it resulted in six games for girls and four games for boys, no love game being played. In the second set the girls were again victorious with a score of six to one, with one love game by the boys. The third set resulted in six to nothing in favor of the boys. All seemed to enjoy the games very much, and each one went away determined to improve.

The Boys' Basketball team has just been organized with the following officers: D. D. Lattimore, manager; J. S. Hamrick, captain; M. M. Goins, secretary and treasurer. This team is composed of some of the most energetic boys in school. We predict a brilliant career for them, and in a short while they will be glad to entertain challenges from the various teams of this and adjoining counties.

CHRISTMAS BOOK REVIEW

Best Sellers of the Boiling Springs Book Store.

“*Saturday Nights: Delectable and Horrible*”—A Pocket Commentary for the guidance of young sports, by W. W. D., '15. 22 mo., \$15, net.

“A book which no young man who has rivals should be without.”—*Aphroditic Monitor*.

“The remarkable author of this strikingly extraordinary book is well known in social circles throughout America, Tibet, Uganda, and Forest City, and it is safe to say that no human being since the days of Aeneas has had more thrilling and varied experiences.”—*Amatic Journal*.

“Particularly recommended to those with many rivals.”—*Forest City Daily Fibber*.

“*Norvum Organum*”—A great Philosophical Compendium by J. B. J. '12, Ph. D., LL. D., L. H. D., F. R. S., F. R. G. S., Member of the French Academy, Professor of Megalomania in Leipsic University; author of numerous bulky tomes upon the profundities of science. Folio, sheepskin, \$10 net.

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- L. L.—Loved and Liked.
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- J. B. J.—Joys in Big Jaw-breakers.
- T. L. W.—Terribly Light Wits.
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